



IN THE SHADOW OF NO TOWERS

art spiegelman



004 Current Affairs

978-0-375-42307-9

52995

PRESIDENT'S WOUND REOPENED; SLIGHT CHANGE FOR WORSE

EMMA GOLDMAN IN JAIL CHARGED WITH CONSPIRACY.

Caught Hiding in a Chicago Flat and Taken to Police Headquarters—A Warrant Is Served Formally Accusing Her of Plotting to Murder President McKinley.

VEHMENTLY DENIES THAT SHE INSPIRED CZOLGOSZ.

Anarchist Queen Declares She Met Him Only Once and Then Only for a Moment—Makes a Detailed Statement Covering Her Movements for the Last Two Months.

(Special to The World.)
CHICAGO, Sept. 10.—Emma Goldman was arrested at 11 o'clock this morning in a flat at No. 303 Sheffield avenue. When confronted by the police she denied her identity, but when her name was discovered on a fountain pen she laughed and said, "I was just contemplating giving myself up."

After she had been taken to Police Headquarters Capt. Coleran, Chief of Detectives, served a warrant on Miss Goldman, charging her with conspiracy to murder the President. The warrant was sworn to by Capt. Coleran.

It is given as her co-conspirators Abraham Isaacs, Maurice Isaacs, Clemence Pfeizer, Hippolyte Havel, Henry Travaglio, Alfred Schneider, Julia Mechame, Marie Isaacs and Marie Isaacs, Jr. All except Miss Goldman were arrested several days ago. The women were allowed to go, but the men were held without bail and are now in jail.

"Whether Emma Goldman is guilty of conspiracy or not is still undetermined," said Chief of Police O'Neill to-night. "She answered all questions voluntarily, and volunteered much information, but disclosed nothing to indicate that she was an accessory beyond the fact. These arrests show that Anarchists have been active here, much more than has been suspected. Miss Goldman's baggage, a suit case and a small satchel, contained nothing incriminating. We have broken up a band of Anarchists, and are still working on the conspiracy theory."

At a conference in the office of Chief of Police O'Neill ball was refused to the nine Anarchists who are held by the police in the belief that they have knowledge of a plot. Those present at the meeting besides Chief O'Neill were Dr. H. S. Taylor, City Prosecutor; Assistant City Prosecutor Owens, Capt. Coleran and Attorney Leopold Saltiel, who represented the Anarchists.

Attorney Saltiel represented that he did not believe there was sufficient ground for keeping his clients in custody and asked for their release on bail. Capt. O'Neill explained that he had received an imperative request from the authorities at Buffalo to hold the Anarchists in custody, and that he could not agree to a request for bail under any circumstances. Saltiel offered to furnish bonds in almost any sum, but Capt. O'Neill was firm.

After the conference Attorney Saltiel stated that he would commence proceedings to obtain the release of his clients by writs of habeas corpus.

C. G. Norris, who occupies the flat where Miss Goldman was caught, also will be indicted for conspiracy, Capt. O'Neill declares. The Chief believes the man was aiding Miss Goldman to escape.

Nazak, the Buffalo hotel-keeper whose house sheltered Czolgosz, is now in this city. It is said he was brought here by the police to identify. If possible, Emma Goldman as a woman who stopped at his hotel with Czolgosz a few days before the attempted murder of the President.

STORY OF THE ARREST OF ANARCHIST QUEEN.

(Special to The World.)
CHICAGO, Sept. 10.—Miss Goldman arrived in Chicago Sunday morning, registered in a downtown hotel under an assumed name, and yesterday engaged a room in the Sheffield avenue flat.

C. G. Norris, who owns the flat, was later taken into custody. An hour before the woman's arrest the Chief of Police received from a source outside the department news regarding her whereabouts. Capt. Schuetter, a famous Anarchist-hunter of the Haymarket days, was in the office. Schuetter and Detective Hertz were ordered to go to the flat and bring in all persons found there.

The suspicious policeman balked at Miss Goldman's desire to close the door of her bedroom during the toilet proceedings. A compromise was reached by leaving the door half open. Finally she emerged carrying a book, "Toward Democracy," and announced herself ready to go.

"Why, this is all nonsense and I am innocent as a babe, as far as conspiring to kill the President or inspiring others to do it," she said to Schuetter.

Headquarters in Street Car.
The trip to headquarters was made in a street car. Miss Goldman read her book, and once looked up to the two men sitting beside her and said:

"Who are you and what do you want?" she asked.

"We are policemen and we want you," Miss Goldman replied Schuetter.

"I am not Miss Goldman; my name is Thorson, and I am Swedish," she said.

Schuetter, who had been examining

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OF NOTOWERS

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DR. CHARLES M'BURNEY DISCUSSING THE PRESIDENT'S CASE
IMMEDIATELY AFTER COMING FROM THE MILBURN HOUSE.



PROF. MAZZONI, THE POPE'S SURGEON, THINKS SECOND BULLET WILL HAVE TO BE REMOVED.

(Special to The World.)
Rome, Sept. 10.—Prof. G. Mazzoni, the Pope's surgeon, replied to a question from the Press Publishing Company. The Pope's surgeon, Mazzoni, as far as he can tell, is still in a favorable condition. His last report showed favorable symptoms of recovery and general diminution of the pulsations, proving things are progressing well in the abdominal cavity.

"I think the bullet will produce inflammation of the muscular tissues near the spine, which will necessitate surgical intervention."

"President McKinley could not be in better hands."

"American surgeons are the pioneers in internal surgery."

OF NOTOWERS

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Surgeons Remove Several Stitches
cause of Slight Irritation Due
Presence of a Fragment of Mr. M
Kinley's Coat, Carried Into
Wound by the Bullet, but They
clare Patient's Condition Is
changed in All Important Particulars

ENTRE LE FOOD
FOR THE FIRST TIME
Dr. McBurney had Planned to Leave for
New York Last Night, but He Postpones His
parture and Takes Part in a Consultation
Surgeons that Lasts for Two Hours—La
Operation Will Delay Healing of Wound.

LATEST OFFICIAL BULLETIN.

MILBURN HOUSE, BUFFALO, Sept. 10.—10.
P. M.—The condition of the President is unchanged
in all IMPORTANT particulars. His temperature
is 100.6; pulse, 114; respiration, 28.

When the operation was done on Friday last
noted that the bullet had carried with it a sh
ince beneath the skin a fragment of the Pres
coat. This foreign material was, of cour
ed, BUT A SLIGHT IRRITATION OF THE
ES WAS PRODUCED, THE EVIDENCE
ICH HAS APPEARED ONLY TO-NIGHT
is been necessary on account of this slight
ence to remove a few stitches and partial
skin wound.

incident cannot give rise to other comp
but it is communicated to the public, as t
in attendance wish to make their bullet
frank.

insequence of this separation of the ed
surface wound the healing of the same w
what delayed.

President is now well enough to begin
punishment by the mouth in the form of pu
lice.

(Signed)

P. H. RIXEY,
M. D. MANN,
ROSWELL PARK,
HERMAN MYNTER,
CHARLES McBURNEY.

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU,
Secretary to the President.

(Special to The World.)
BUFFALO, Sept. 10—Midnight.—The bulletin issued at 10:30
printed above marks a most important development.

It was known that something unusual had occurred when the cu
ary 9 o'clock bulletin did not make its appearance and the consult
physicians continued. They remained at the Milburn house for an
and fifty minutes.

Dr. McBurney was there, having decided to postpone his depa
It is now announced that he may not leave Buffalo before Wednesday
Thursday.

When the physicians left the house they declared that no une
the

Surgeons were only in out, they said, and a
the wound was seen
that were
C. G. Mynter, a surgeon, was in the house. His missing desired
was not in the house, and he was necessary to send for it.
first time the messenger returned he did not bring what was needed a
sent back.

NO OTHER COMPLICATIONS.
The surgeons seek to allay all apprehension by the positive
that this incident cannot give rise to OTHER complications. They
only effect will be to slightly delay the healing of the wound.

The bulletin added, reassuringly, that Mr. McKinley had been
swallow a little beef tea—the first time he has taken food in the norm
when he was shot.

The President's brother, Abner McKinley, was in the house while
surgeons were at work. With him were Secretary of War Root, Sec
Cortelyou, John G. Milburn and Harry Hamilton, who has been enter
Senator Hanna.

In connection with to-night's developments it is explained that
the effect of the outer wound did not affect the two interior wounds
front and one in back, from which the President is suffering.
wounds, it was added, are healing nicely.

FOR F, N & D, AS ALWAYS

WITHOUT BORDERS TO THE EDITORS AND PRODUCTION FOLKS AT
THE FORWARD, COURIER INTERNATIONAL, THE LONDON REVIEW
INTERNAZIONALE, THE L.A. WEEKLY, THE CHICAGO WEEKLY
D WAR THREE ILLUSTRATED—MY COALITION OF THE WILLING—
ST ALLOWING THESE NO TOWERS PAGES OUT OF THEIR CAGE.

OF THE TIN-CAN TOP HAT TO LUCY CASWELL OF OHIO STATE
CARTOON RESEARCH LIBRARY, NICHOLSON BAKER OF THE
NEWSPAPER REPOSITORY, HARRY KATZ OF THE LIBRARY OF
S AND ROBERT BYRD OF THE DUKE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY FOR
THEMSELVES TO THEIR AWESOME REPOSITORIES AND FOR RUM-
MAGING THROUGH THEIR RARITIES FOR THIS PROJECT.

OR IS INDEBTED TO GREG CAPTAIN FOR AIMING HIM AT A WORK-
AT FOR THIS ODD BOOK. DITTO TO KURT HOFFMAN, JANICE YU,
UCHS, AND ANNIE SIMPSON FOR PRODUCTION/EDITORIAL AID.

ADSHEET-SCALE GRATITUDE TO PETER MARESCA AND TO
ACKBEARD FOR GENEROUSLY SHARING THEIR KNOWLEDGE AS
AS THEIR SINGULAR COLLECTIONS OF RARE OLD COMICS.



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LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CATALOGING-IN-PUBLICATION DATA
SPIEGELMAN, ART.

IN THE SHADOW OF NO TOWERS / ART SPIEGELMAN.

P. CM.

ISBN 0-375-42307-9

I. TITLE.

PNG7275615 2004 7415973-DC22 2004043870

WWW.PANTHEONBOOKS.COM

BOOK DESIGN BY ART SPIEGELMAN

PRINTED IN CHINA

clogged drain, running late for an appointment—send me into a sky-is-falling tizzy. It's a trait that can leave one ill-equipped for coping with the sky when it actually falls. Before 9/11 my traumas were all more or less self-inflicted, but outrunning the toxic cloud that had moments before been the north tower of the World Trade Center left me reel—on that faultline where World History and

Personal History collide—the intersection my parents, Auschwitz survivors, had warned me about when they taught me to always keep my bags packed.

It took a long time to put the burning towers behind me. Personal history aside, ship codes seemed to have something to do with the intensity of response. Long after uptown New Yorkers resumed their daily jogging in Central Park, those of us living in Lower Manhattan found our neighborhood transformed into one of those suburban gated communities as we flashed IDs at the police barriers on 14th Street before being allowed to walk home. Only when I traveled to a university in the Midwest in early October 2001 did I realize that all New Yorkers were out of their minds compared to those for whom the attack was an abstraction. The assault on the Pentagon confirmed that the carnage in New York City was indeed an attack on America, not one more skirmish on foreign soil. Still, the small town I visited in Indiana—draped in flags that reminded me of the garlic one might put on a door to ward off vampires—was at least as worked up over a frat house's zoning violations as with threats from "raghead terrorists." It was as if I'd wandered into an inverted version of Saul Steinberg's famous map of America seen from Ninth Avenue, where the known world ends at the Hudson; in Indiana everything east of the Alleghenies was very, very far away.

One of my near-death realizations as the dust first settled on Wall Street was the depth of my affection for the chaotic neighborhood that I can honestly call home. Allegiance to this melted nugget in the melting pot is as close as I comfortably go to patriotism. I wasn't able to imagine myself leaving my country for safety in, say, the south of France, then opening my *Chicago Tribune* at some café to read that New York City had been turned into radioactive rubble. The realization that I'm usually a "rooted" cosmopolitan is referred to in the fourth of *No Towers* comic pages that follow, but the unstated company that underlies all the pages is only implied: I made a vow that morning to return to making comic full-time despite the fact that comic can be so damn labor intensive that one has to assume that one will live forever to make them.



had happened that would have done a Frenchman proud. (My susceptibility for conspiracy goes back a long ways but had reached its previous peak after the 2000 elections.) Only when I heard paranoid Arab Americans blaming it all on the

Jews did I reel myself back in, deciding it wasn't essential to know precisely how much my "leaders" knew about the hijackings in advance—it was sufficient that they immediately instrumentalized the attack for their own agenda. While I was going off the deep end in my studio, my wife, Françoise, was out impersonating Joan of Arc—finding temporary shelter for Tribeca friends who'd been rendered homeless, sneaking into the cordoned-off areas to bring water to rescue workers and even, as art editor of *The New Yorker*, managing to wrest a cover image from me, a black-on-black afterimage of the towers published six days after the attack.

I'd spent much of the decade before the millennium trying to avoid making comic, but from some time in 2002 till September 2003 I devoted myself to what became a series of ten large-scale pages about September 11 and its aftermath. It was originally going to be a weekly series, but many of the pages took me at least five weeks to complete, so I missed even my monthly deadlines. (How did the newspaper cartoonists of the early twentieth century manage it? Was there amphetamine in Hearst's water coolers?) I'd gotten used to channeling my modest skills into writing essays and drawing covers for *The New Yorker*. Like some farmer being paid to not grow wheat, I reaped the greater rewards that came from letting my aptitude for combining the two disciplines lie fallow.

A restlessness with *The New Yorker* that predated 9/11 grew as the magazine settled back down long before I could. I wanted to make comic—after all, disaster is my muse!—but the magazine's complacent tone didn't seem conducive to communicating hysterical fear and panic. At the beginning of 2002, while I was still taking notes toward a strip, I got a fortuitous offer to do a series of pages on any topic I liked from my friend Michael Naumann, who had recently become the editor and publisher of Germany's weekly broadsheet newspaper, *Die Zeit*. It allowed me to retain my rights in other languages and came complete with a promise of no editorial interference—an offer no cartoonist in his right mind could refuse. Even one in his wrong mind.

The giant scale of the color newsprint pages seemed perfect for oversized skyscrapers and outsized events, and the idea of

conviction that I might not live long enough to see them published. I wanted to sort out the fragments of what I'd experienced from the media images that threatened to engulf what I actually saw, and the collagelike nature of a newspaper page encouraged my impulse to juxtapose my fragmentary thoughts in different styles.

The pivotal image from my 9/11 morning—one that didn't get photographed or videotaped into public memory but still remains burned onto the inside of my eyelids several years later—was the image of the looming north tower's glowing bones just before it vaporized. I repeatedly tried to paint this with humiliating results but eventually came close to capturing the vision of disintegration digitally on my computer. I managed to place some sequences of my most vivid memories around that central image but never got to draw others.

I'd hoped to draw the harrowing drive through a panicked city to retrieve our then-nine-year-old son, Dash, from the United Nations School that we thought a likely target that morning and, once we were all reunited, my breaking down in tears that shook my kids up far more than the events that precipitated my sobs.

I intended to do a sequence about my daughter, Nadja, being told to dress in red, white and blue on her first day at the Brooklyn high school she was transferred to while her school in Ground Zero was being used as a triage center. I forbade her to go, ranting that I hadn't raised my daughter to become a goddamn flag; she placated me by explaining she had the perfect jumper for the occasion.

I planned a "terror sex" sequence about the rumors of women patriotically rushing into the wreckage to give comfort to rescue workers at night and noted one Tribeca bachelor friend's wistful observation that those first days were "a really great time for picking up girls." (I responded that I couldn't imagine anything more deflating than those two 110-story towers collapsing.)

I had anticipated that the shadows of the towers might fade while I was slowly sorting through my grief and putting it into boxes. I hadn't anticipated that the hijackings of September 11 would themselves be hijacked by the Bush cabal that reduced it all to a war recruitment poster. At first, Ground Zero had marked a Year Zero as well. Idealistic peace signs and flower shrines briefly flourished at Union Square, the checkpoint between lower Manhattan and the rest of the city. That was all washed away by the rains and the police as the world hustled forward into our "New Normal." When the government began to move into full dystopian Big Brother mode and hurtle America into a colonialist adventure in Iraq—while doing very little to make America genuinely safer beyond confiscating nail clippers at airports—all the rage I'd suppressed after the 2000 election, all the paranoia I'd barely managed to squelch immediately after 9/11, returned with a vengeance. New traumas began competing with still-fresh wounds and the nature of my project began to mutate.

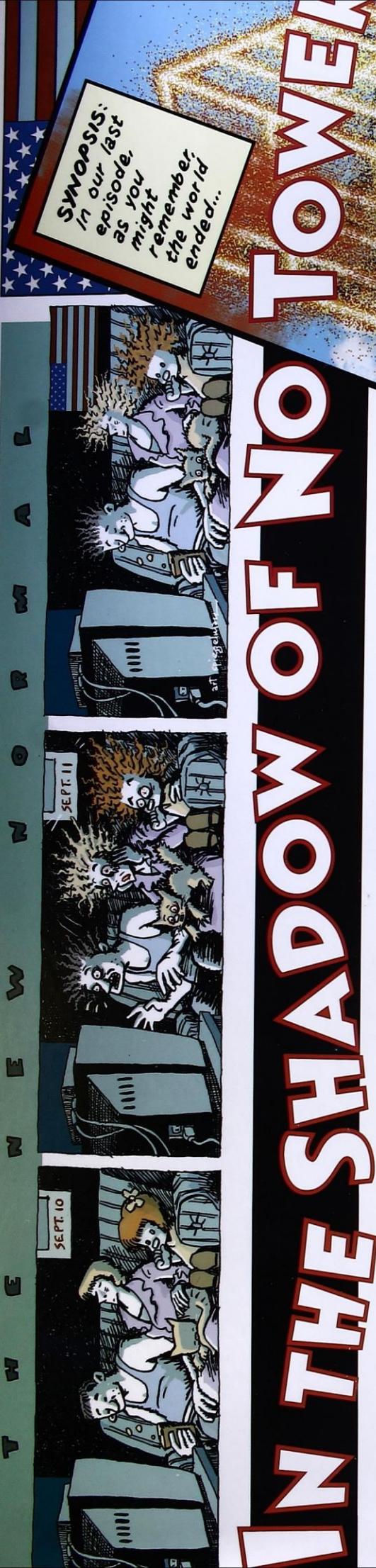
respond to transient events while they're happening. (It took me 13 years to grapple with World War II in *Maus*!) Besides, nothing has a shorter shelf-life than angry caricatures of politicians, and I'd often harbored notions of working for posterity—notions that seemed absurd after being reminded how ephemeral even skyscrapers and democratic institutions are.

As the series got rolling I found my own "coalition of the willing" to publish it along with *Die Zeit*. Most of the distinguished newspapers and magazines that found a way to accommodate the large format, quirky content and erratic schedule were in the "old Europe"—France, Italy, the Netherlands, England—where my political views hardly seemed extreme. The concept of an overtly partisan press has a lot to recommend it. In America, my reception was decidedly less enthusiastic. Outside the left-leaning alternative press, mainstream publications that had actively solicited work from me (including the *New York Review of Books* and the *New York Times* as well as *The New Yorker*) fled when I offered these pages or excerpts from the series. Only the weekly *Forward*, a small-circulation English-language vestige of the once-proud daily Yiddish broadsheet, enlisted and ran them all prominently. I pointed out to the *Forward*'s editor that my pages, unlike the *Maus* pages that they'd once serialized, wouldn't have much specifically Jewish content. Offering me the Right of Return, he shrugged and said, "It's okay—you're Jewish."

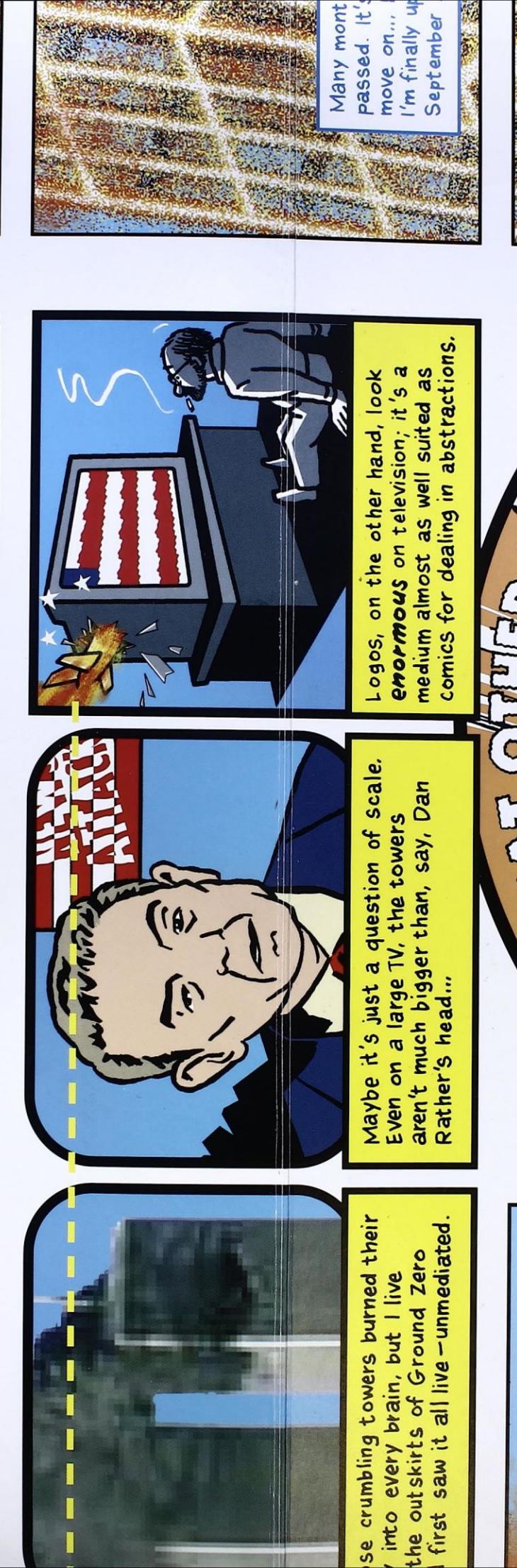
The climate of discourse in America shifted dramatically just as I concluded the series. What was once unsayable now began to appear outside the marginalized alternative press and late-night cable comedy shows. A profile of me in the Arts section of the *New York Times* in the fall of 2003 even included the very panel of me feeling "equally terrorized" by al-Qaeda and by my own government that had made some editors visibly shudder two years earlier. *Sigh!* It's hard to be an artist who's consistently Seconds Ahead of His Time.

What changed? Basically, America entered its pre-election political season. Free debate is expected as proof of Democracy in action. And though it has been an enormous relief to hear urgent issues get an airing again, I was disappointed that vigorous criticism had been staved off until it could be contained as part of our business as usual. The feelings of dislocation reflected in these *No Towers* pages arose in part from the lack of outcry against the outrages while they were being committed.

Still, time keeps flying and even the New Normal gets old. My strips are now a slow-motion diary of what I experienced while seeking some provisional equanimity—though three years later I'm still ready to lose it all at the mere drop of a hat or a dirty bomb. I still believe the world is ending, but I concede that it seems to be ending more slowly than I once thought... so I figured I'd make a book.



REVEALED: 19TH CENTURY SOURCE FOR 21ST CENTURY'S DOMINANT METAPHOR!



...but I'd feel like a jerk if a new disaster strikes while I'm sipping away at the l

(9/11/01-2/15/02

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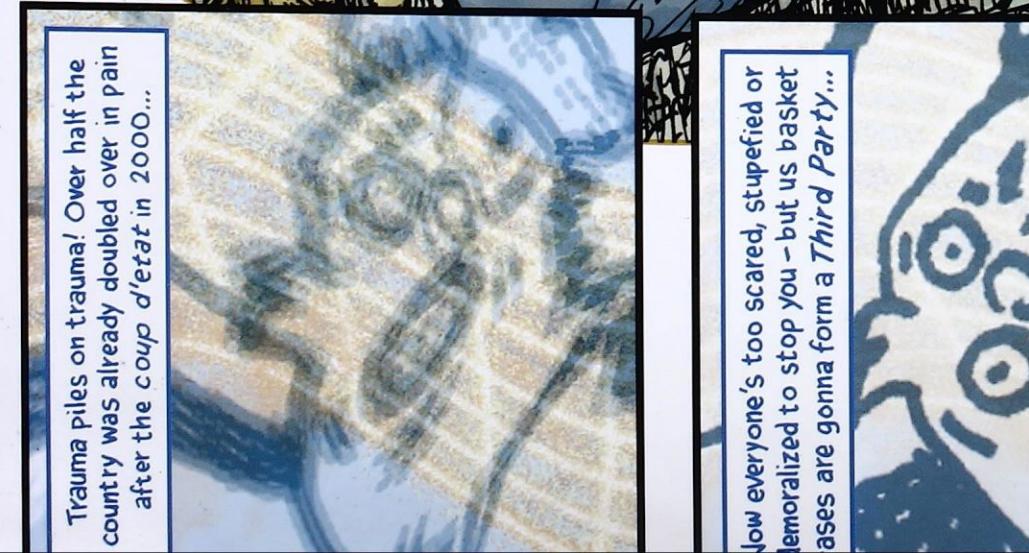
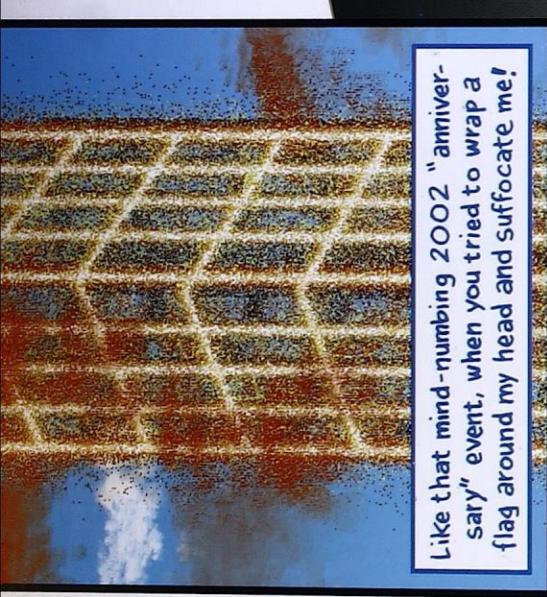
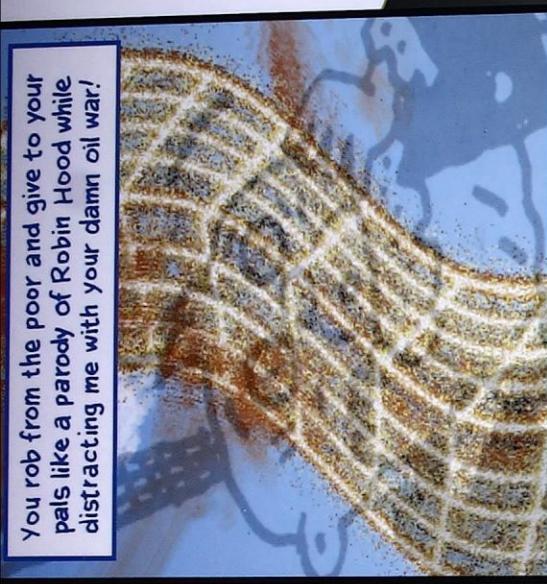


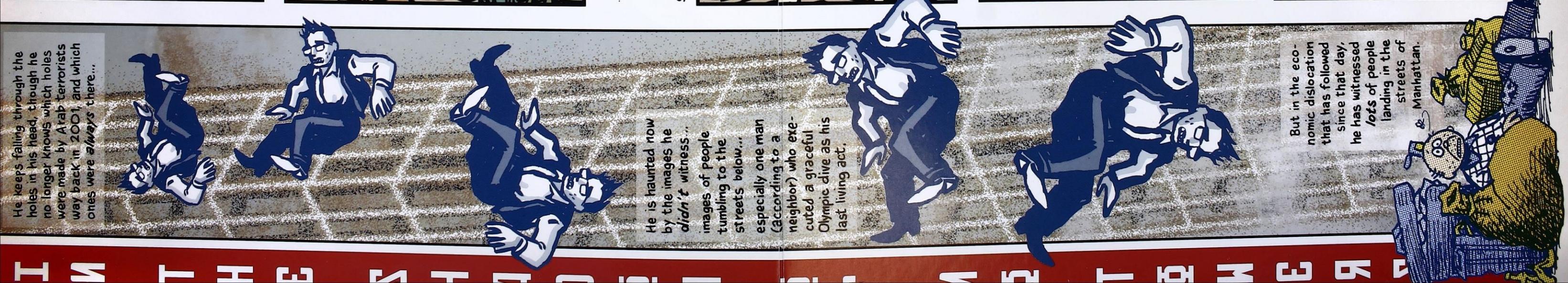




Leave me alone, Damn it! I'm just trying to comfortably relieve my September 11 trauma but you keep interrupting—

You rob from the poor and give to your pals like a parody of Robin Hood while distracting me with your damn oil war!



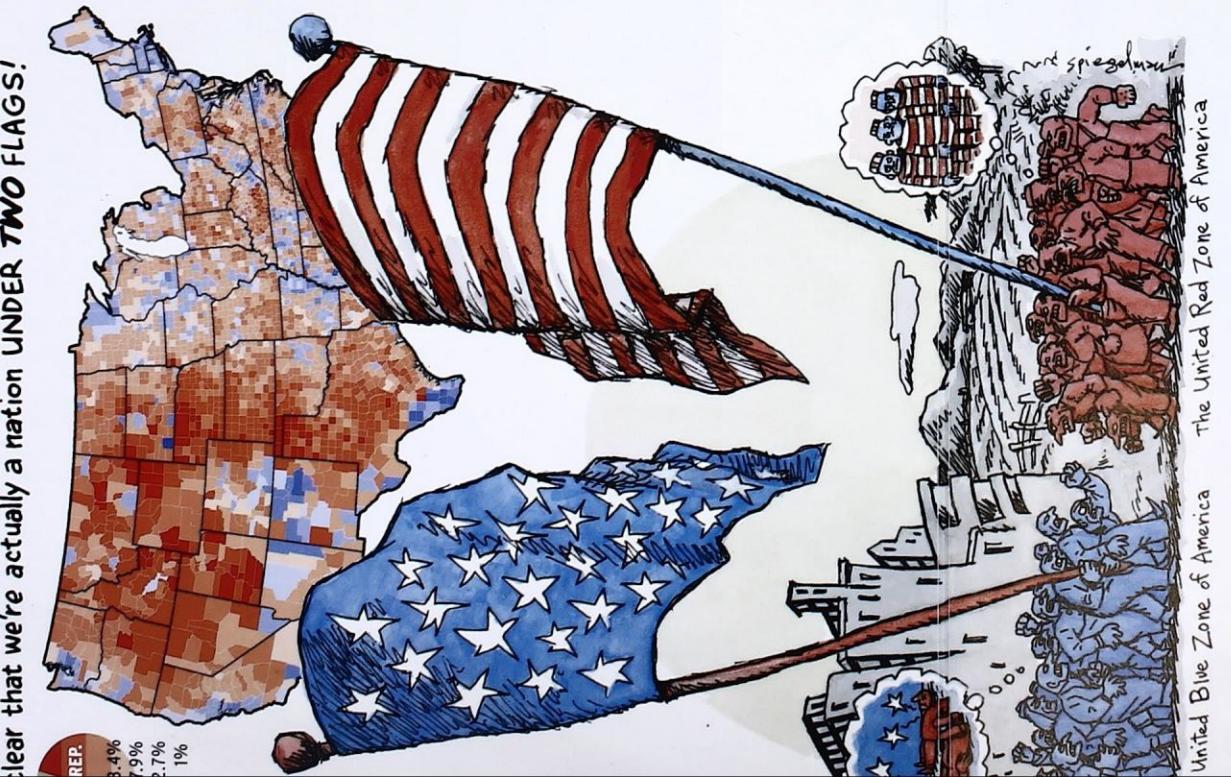




nostalgic about his near-death experience back in September '01.

Nothin' like the end of the world to help bring folks together...

stars & stripes are a symbol of unity that many people see as a war banner. The detailed county-by-county map of the 2000 election—the one that put the loser in office—made it clear that we're actually a nation UNDER TWO FLAGS!



United Blue Zone of America

The United Red Zone of America

He's barely ever been in the Red Zone where the 44% of Americans who don't believe in Evolution tend to gather. Even when he visited "Republican" states he usually ended up in the one county that was at least Light Blue...



IN THE SHADOW OF NO TOW



JOHN SEARLE

YOUNG

HSIH MON

RE-RELEASED

2003



WHEN THE PLANES HIT THOSE TOWERS I GOT KNOCKED INTO SOME ALTERNATE REALITY WHERE GEORGE W. BUSH WAS PRESIDENT!

JOHN SEARLE

YOUNG

HSIH MON

RE-RELEASED

2003



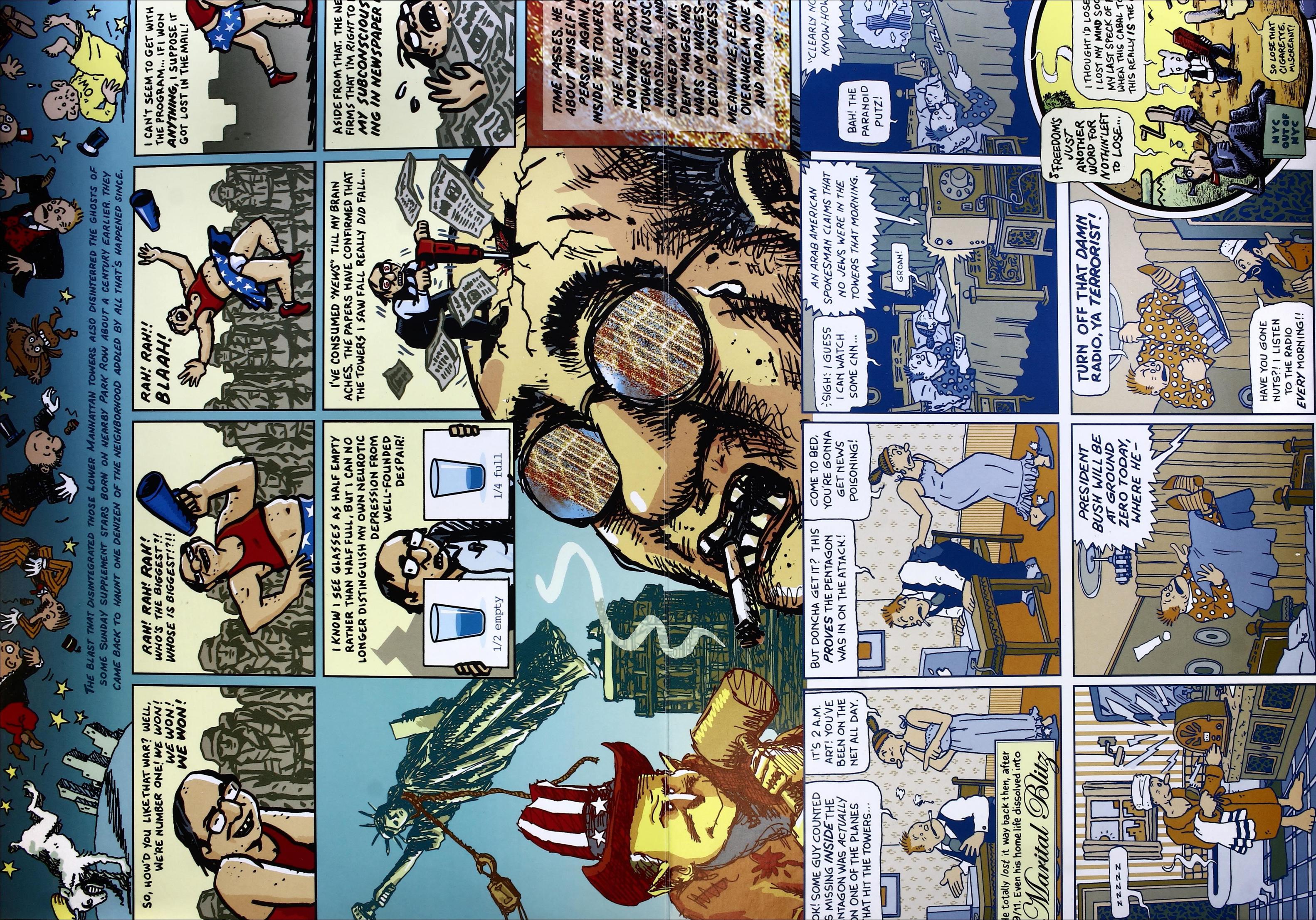
JOHN SEARLE

YOUNG

HSIH MON

RE-RELEASED

2003



THEY KNOW THE WORLD IS ENDING... OR... MAYBE THEY'RE RIGHT! MAYBE THE WORLD STOPPED ENDING!

after the explosions on 9/11. It's almost two years later, and most New Yorkers seem to have picked up the rhythms of daily life... but right under the surface, we're all still just a bunch of stunned pigeons...

(Overheard at a Tribeca party, 11/3/01...)

I WAS WALKING BACK TO MY PLACE ON AVENUE C LAST NIGHT...

SOME GUY CAME UP FROM BEHIND ME AND PULLED OUT A KNIFE!

HE SLAMMED ME AGAINST A BRICK WALL, GRABBED MY HANDBAG AND RAN OFF!

I WAS, LIKE, SITTING THERE THINKING, 'GET OUT OF HERE! NO!'

...MAYBE I REALLY WANT THE WORLD TO END, TO VINDICATE THE FEARS I FELT BACK ON 9/11! MAYBE IT'S JUST MY LITTLE WORLD THAT ENDED... BUT THEN I GLANCE AT THE NEWS AND THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO DOUBT...

I WAS, LIKE, SITTING THERE THINKING, 'GET OUT OF HERE! NO!'

...THE SKY IS FALLIN...

THE ARCHIVE OF ARMAGEDDON

COLLECTORS'

"By Their Faces Shall You

COLLECTORS'

CALL IT A BENIGN FORM OF "DISPLACEMENT." IN A MORE SINISTER FORM, IT'S AMERICA'S LATEST CRAZE. LIKE, REMEMBER HOW WE DEMOLISHED IRAQ INSTEAD OF AL-QAEDA...

WEAPONS OF MASS DISPLACEMENT

ZAZOU, OUR 17 YEAR OLD CAT, DIED RECENTLY...

WE ADOPTED THIS LIL GUY 'CUZ HE LOOKS A BIT LIKE HIM!

"By Their Faces Shall You

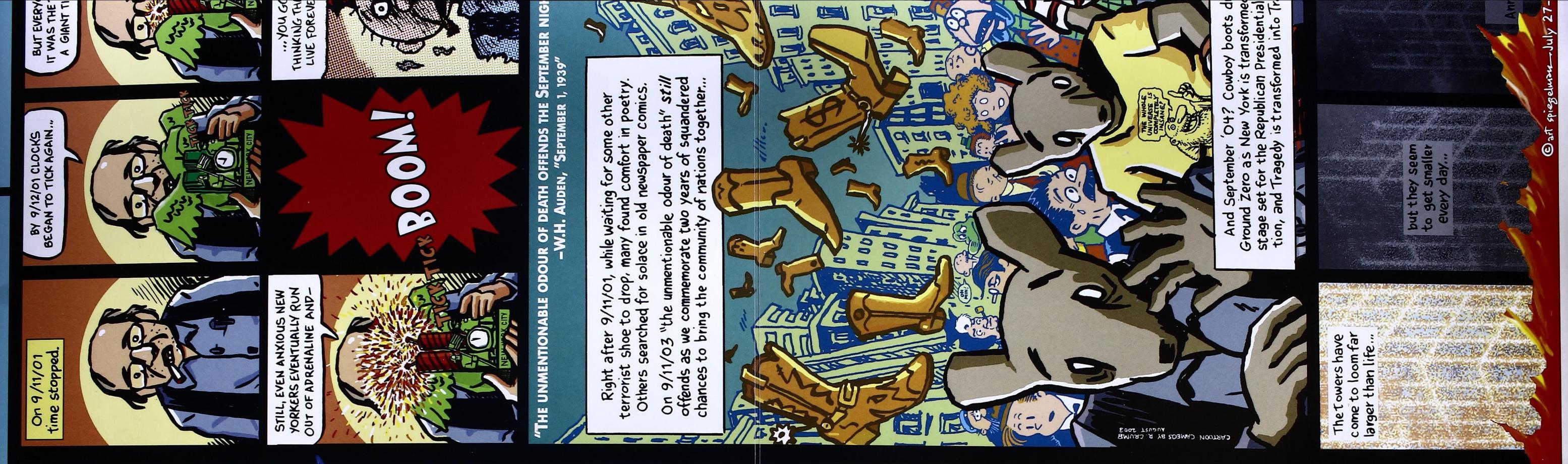
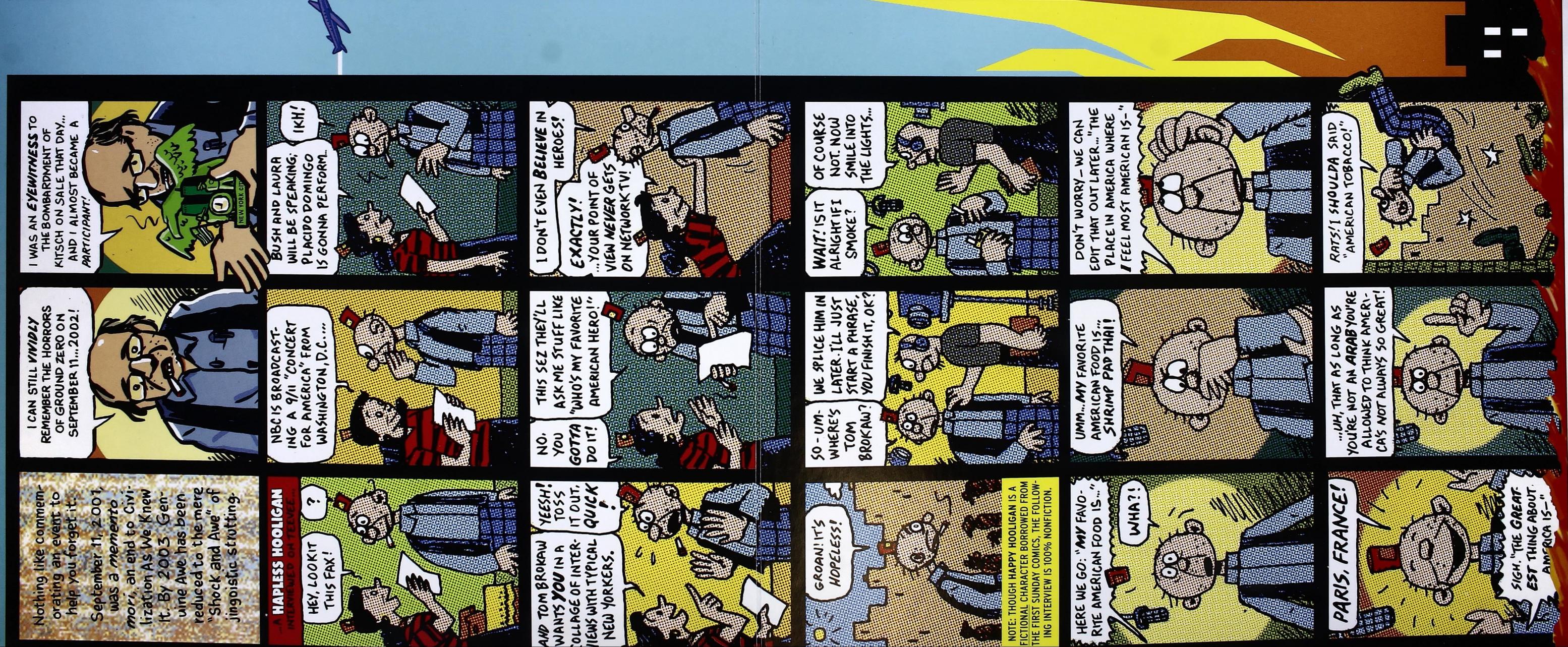
COLLECTORS'

CHENEY'S CROOKED HALLIBURTON PALS GET REWARDED! THE ENRON GANG PULLS OFF ONE OF THE BIGGEST HEISTS IN HISTORY... AND MARTHA STEWART TAKES THE RAP!?

AND NEW YORK'S APPROPRIATE ANXIETY ABOUT THE TOXINS RELEASED INTO OUR AIR IN 9/11 IS DISPLACED BY OUR IDIOTS: MAYOR BLOOM IS PASSING A LAW AGAINST SMOKING IN BARS!

COLLECTORS'

<p





*—In the Shadow
of No Towers, #10*

The Comic Supplement

DETRY readings seemed to be as frequent as the sound of police sirens in the wake of September. Workers needed poetry to drown their pain, culture to drown in a wounded civilization. I have heard W. H. Auden's "September 1, 1939" a dozen times in my life, but my mind kept wanting no solace in music of that sort either—it seemed too exquisite. The only cultural artifacts that could get past my defenses were old comic strips, unpretentious ephemera from the mimetic dawn of the 20th century. They were made with skill and verve but never last past the day they appeared in the newspaper gave me a sense of intimacy; they were just right for the world moment.



"The blast that disintegrated those Lower Manhattan towers also disinterred the ghosts of some Sunday supplement stars born on nearby Park Row. They came back to haunt one denizen of the neighborhood, addled by all that's happened since." —*In the Shadow of No Towers*, #8

—In the Shadow of No Towers, #8

ndred years and two blocks away from
, Joseph Pulitzer and William Randolph
twin titans of modern journalism, gave
newspaper comic strip as a by-product
circulation war (a competition that led
ar when their papers inflamed public
what may well have been the accident-
f an American ship in Cuba). Their dis-
tincting of the Spanish-American War—
rst colonialist adventure—would have
ews proud. Their sensationalism was
ow Journalism and its emblem was the
America's first newspaper cartoon star.



ded to edify the *New York World*'s often immigrant readership with full-color as of the great masterpieces of world loped one of the first color newspaper his purpose. The garish and off-register n't up to the task, but the technology outline drawings with flat colors. So, in rst Sunday color cartoon supplement world and elbowed out the High Art he masses.

our jaded 21st century eyeballs to gauge of Pulitzer's exuberant splashes of color in gray type, but it was a Big Deal back then as well as figuratively—a 17" x 23" on the nickel paper). One recurring feature of Outcault's **HOGAN'S ALLEY** [PLATE II] gang of street urchins in a Lower ghetto. Like a cheerfully sociopathic Outcault drew scenes of political and

social commentary that teemed with brickbat violence, antic animal torture and the gleeful racism of the day. *Hogan's Alley* spotlighted one shanty-Irish guttersnipe in a bright yellow nightshirt, a Yellow Kid, whose popularity made him not just the comics' first star but also America's first hot licensing property. The whole enterprise gave Hearst a bad case of supplement-envy and in 1896 he unveiled a rival cartoon section in his *New York Journal*, starring

When Dirks fled Hearst for Pulitzer in 1914, he continued his strip as *The Captain and the Kids*, while the original twins were masterfully cloned for Hearst by Harold Knerr, who drew the strip for decades under its original title. At the height of WW1's jingoistic fever, Knerr's characters were briefly rechristened *The Shenanigan Kids*, Mike and Alek, foreshadowing the recent American experiment in vindictive euphemism that brought us "Freedom Fries." (Dirks' kids lost their accents during the war and tried to pass for Dutch.) In any case, the little terrorists may well be immortal, still limping along at 107 in a few 21st century newspapers.

The Katzieins inspired a gaggle of direct imitations and offshoots as well as spawning an entire medium. In one bland permutation, "Bunny" Schultze's *Foxy Grandpa* consistently foiled his two grandkids—marginally more socialized pranksters than Hans and Fritz—and made the comic supplement less anxiety-provoking for adults disturbed at seeing grown-ups regularly blown up. On one **GLORIOUS FOURTH OF JULY** in 1902 [PLATE IV] four cartoonists trapped in Hearst's bullpen collaborated to show Schultze's kids outdone by Dirks' Hans and Fritz: they dynamite Grandpa's patriotic reading of the Declaration of Independence. Injured in the explosion, Alphonse, one of the two pathologically polite Frenchmen created by Frederick Opper, explains to Gaston: "I detest the Fourth of July!" I tell you, some of those century-old crumbling newspaper pages seem like they were

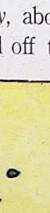
Outcault's Yellow Kid! The *Journal* touted its supplement as "Eight Pages of Polychromatic Effulgence That Makes the Rainbow Look Like a Lead Pipe!" Hearst's Kid appeared there as *McFadden's Row of Flats*, while the "original" Yellow Kid continued in Pulitzer's *Alley*, drawn by George Luks (later a noted painter of the Ash Can School), and twin Kids towered over the New York skyline.

In 1897, just as the fickle public tired of their Yellow Kids, Hearst introduced Rudolph Dirks' **KATZENJAMMER KIDS**, Hans and Fritz, into the *Journal*. [See header at top of this page as well as PLATE IV.] Closely modeled on Wilhelm Busch's 19th century German picture story in rhyme, *Max and Moritz*, the Katzenjammers ushered comics into the 20th century. Dirks was an early adopter or inventor of many of the devices—speech balloons, sweat-drops, frantic motion lines—that became the basic lexicon of comics. His pages, the first to consistently feature continuing characters in sequential panels, brought a nihilistic vaudeville (complete with mock German dialect) to his two brats' monomaniacal will to wreak havoc on the adult world. "Mit dose kids," as the strip's bearded truant officer, the Inspector, succinctly put it, "society is nix!"

ing language of comics and served up a memorable cast of slapstick characters. The most unfortunate of his now almost forgotten strips was **HY HOOLIGAN** [PLATE V], a inept victim *avant le* whose tin-can hat was once iconic as Chaplin's Derby. August 27, 1911, the hapless described by Opper as "fortune's favorite son," trades his can in for a turban to become Abdullah Hooligan, a skinned circus clown who takes his camel and gets himself into... a tower of acrobats!

While an eccentric artist like Verbeek could turn structure on its head, Winsor McCay, the towering genius of the first decade of comics, drew monumental structures designed to last. A signifi-

lemon and the funnies' move to the bourgeois suburbs in an early strip of his own, *Nibs the Newsboy*, about a streetwise slum kid who gets dragged off to "Funny Fairyland." McManus then resumed his own long-term project: bringing sitcom domestic comedy to the comics, an undertaking that culminated in his classic **BRINGING UP FATHER** [PLATE VII]. Usually focused on marital and class strife—Maggie, a *nouveau riche* shrew, tries to drag her lottery-winning prole of a husband, Jiggs, up the social ladder—this episode takes place in a dreamland where cartoon characters can keep towers from tumbling.





ant early innovator of the animated cartoon form as well as comics, McCay excelled in giving shape to our dream lives, as concrete in his renderings as Reininger was abstract. In his instantly popular **LITTLE NEMO IN SLUMBERLAND** [PLATE VI], which began in the *New York Herald* at the end of 1905, we've traveled a long way from Hogan's Alley.

first decade of comics was the medium's Year that moment of open-ended possibility and disorientation that inevitably gave way to the restraints that came as the form defined itself. One of the most exhilarating anomalies of that topsy-turvy moment was Gustave Verbeck's short-lived **DE DOWNS OF LITTLE LADY LOVEKINS AND MAN MUFFAROO** [PLATE III]. A frighteninglyious experiment in compression, the first half of these strips magically becomes the second half as the reader turns the page 180 degrees. Twin "in 180 degrees" is located "Fairy Palace" neyed mightily to a ture and circus p Morpheus' daughter dressed, in the last panels as well as e falling and the re McCay's beloved Nning weekly pages

In our September 29, 1907, example an outsized Nemo and his companion, a Jungle Imp, are lost in the canyons of Lower Manhattan, and make their way to the South Street piers along the East River. A

The strip's admirers could and did read Herriman's daily variations on anything, from political allegory

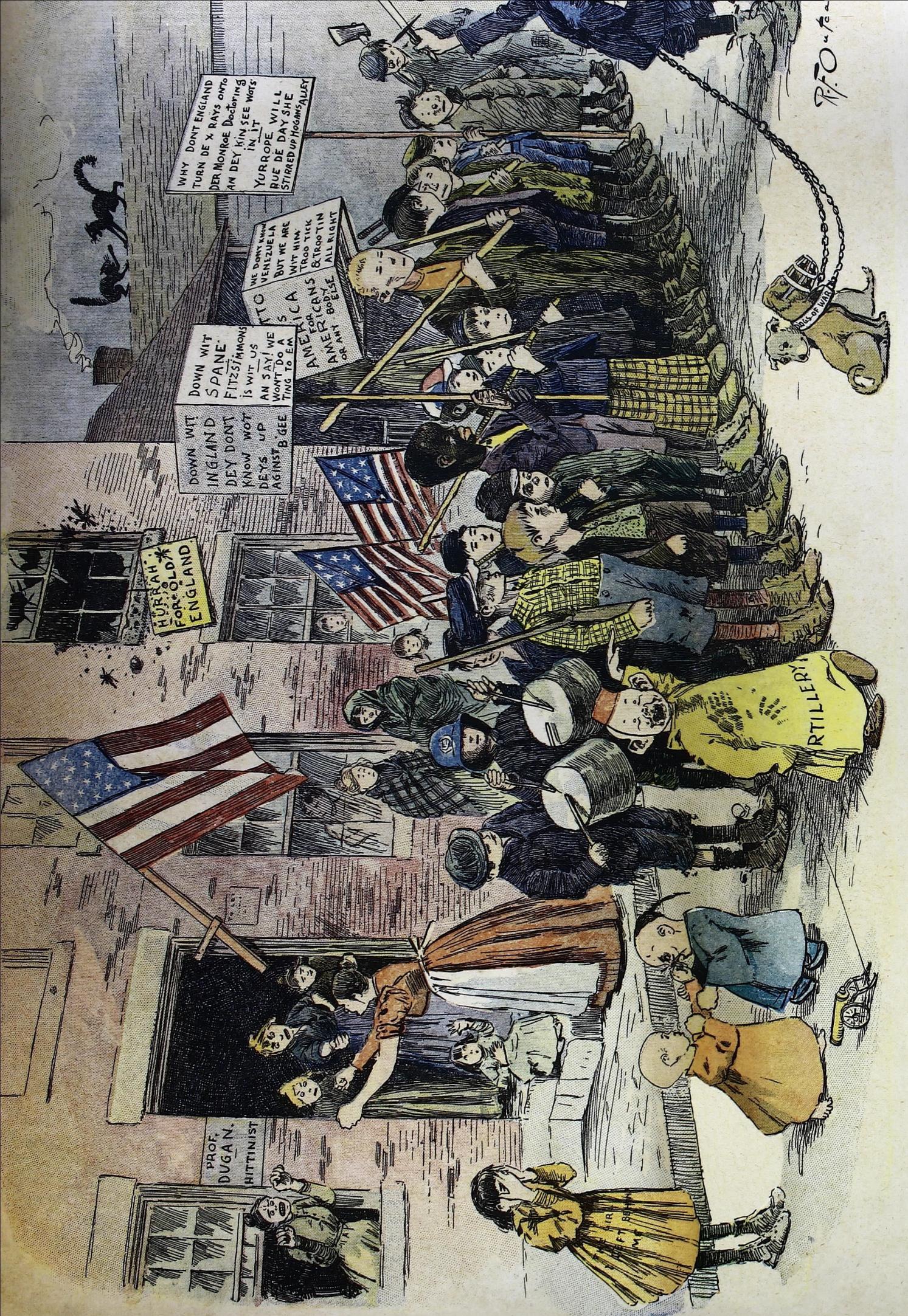
(Mouse as Anarchist, Kop as Fascist, Kat as the elusive spirit of Democracy) to psychosexual drama (Mouse as Ego, Kop as Superego and Kat as untrammeled Id). But the ineffable beauty of *Krazy Kat* was that it was simply about a Kat getting konked with a brick. It presented an open-ended metaphor that could contain *all* stories simultaneously; and after September 11, Ignatz started looking a lot like Osama Bin Laden to me!

One silent page from 1936 shows Krazy caterwauling in the ever-shifting desert-scape of Coconino County. Kat is joined by Kop for a duet, then by M. Kwak Wak for a trio. A forlorn note tumbles into the panel and, after conferring, they all realize that they have no choice but to join Ignatz in his cell for a quartet. This is deep stuff, and after the attack it hit me like a ton of bricks: it proposed that since even Eden has its snake, one must somehow learn to live in harmony with that snake! I'm still working on it.



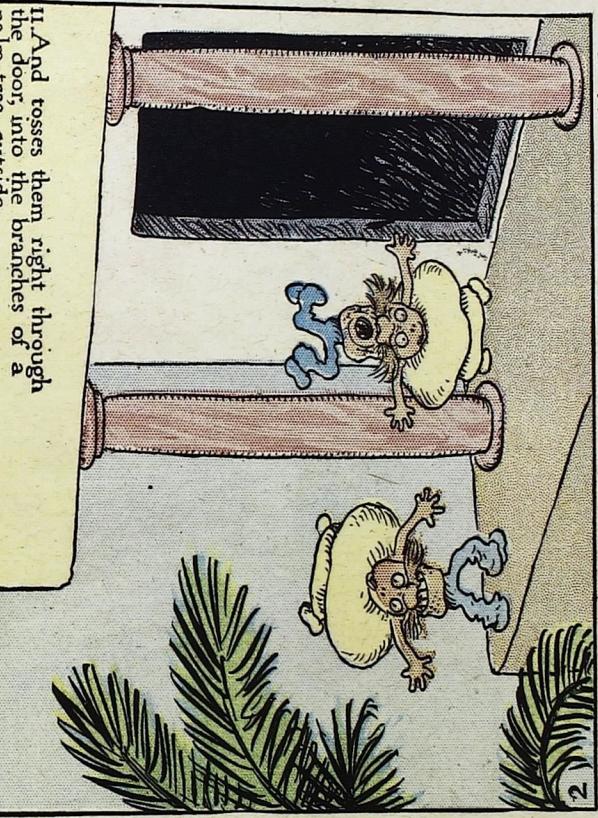
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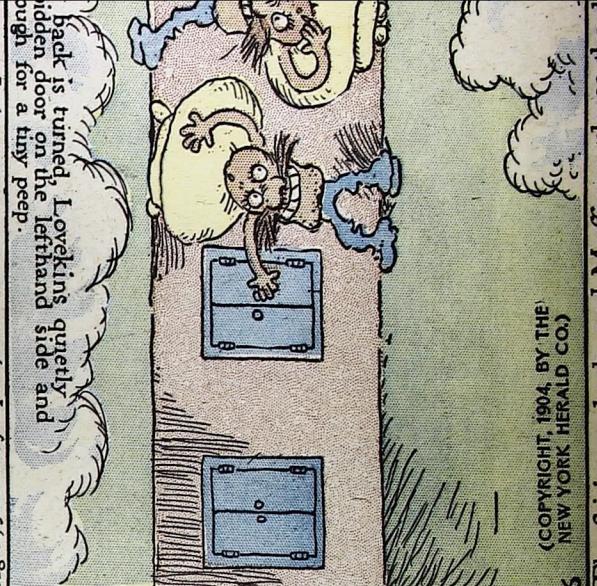


THE UPSIDE-DOWNS OF LITTLE LADY LOYKIN,
• THE FAIRY PALA
PAGE II

PLATE II



A black and white illustration from a children's book. On the left, a large, hairy, horned creature with a grumpy expression looks down. On the right, two smaller, round, blue-skinned characters with large eyes look up at the creature. The background is dark and textured.



back is turned. Lovekins quietly hidden door on the lefthand side and bugh for a tiny peep.

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"The fairies go back, and Murraro closes the door. 'I wonder what is in the other closet,' says Lovelace. 'Ah, that we shall never know!' replies Old Man.

So he opens only the righthand door, and behold! out come
a lot of funny little fairies, singing sweet songs to them.
"How do you do, fairies?" Muffaro calls out

when he vanishes, and pretty soon they find the two mysterious sets. Muffaro remembers the Genies' words.

COMIC SUPPLEMENT
OF THE
NEW YORK
AMERICAN

JUNE 29th 1902.

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The Glorious Fourth of July!

How Foxy Grandpa Began to Read the Declaration of Independence, and How He Was Interrupted

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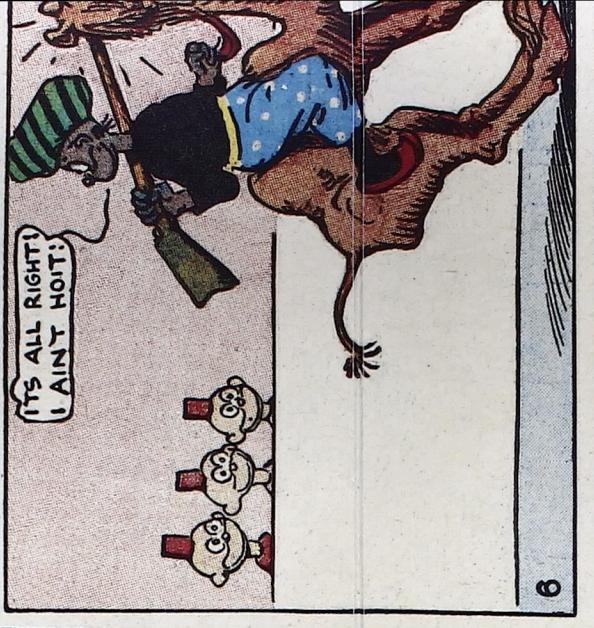
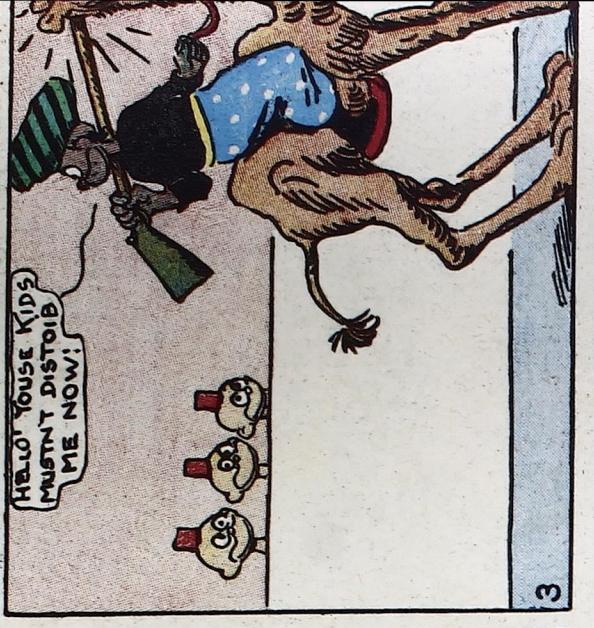
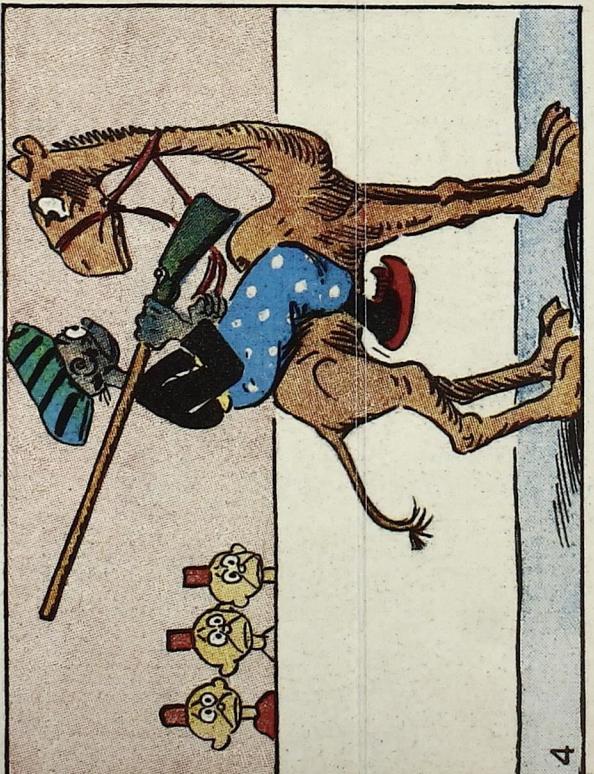
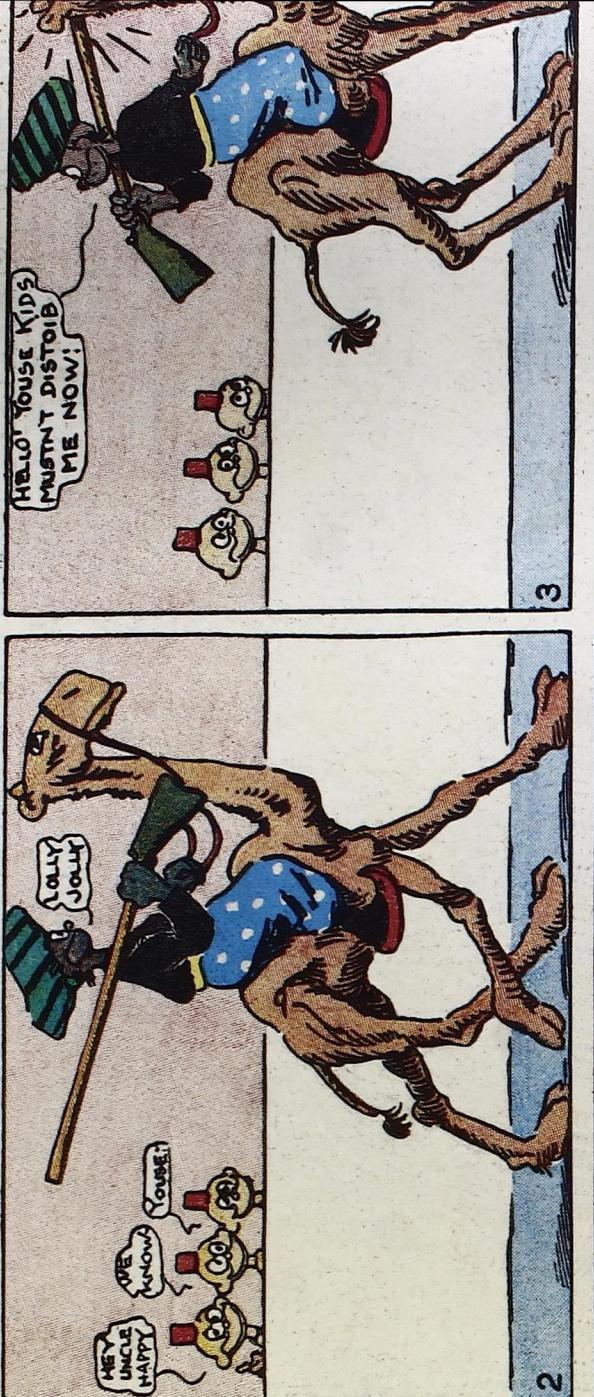


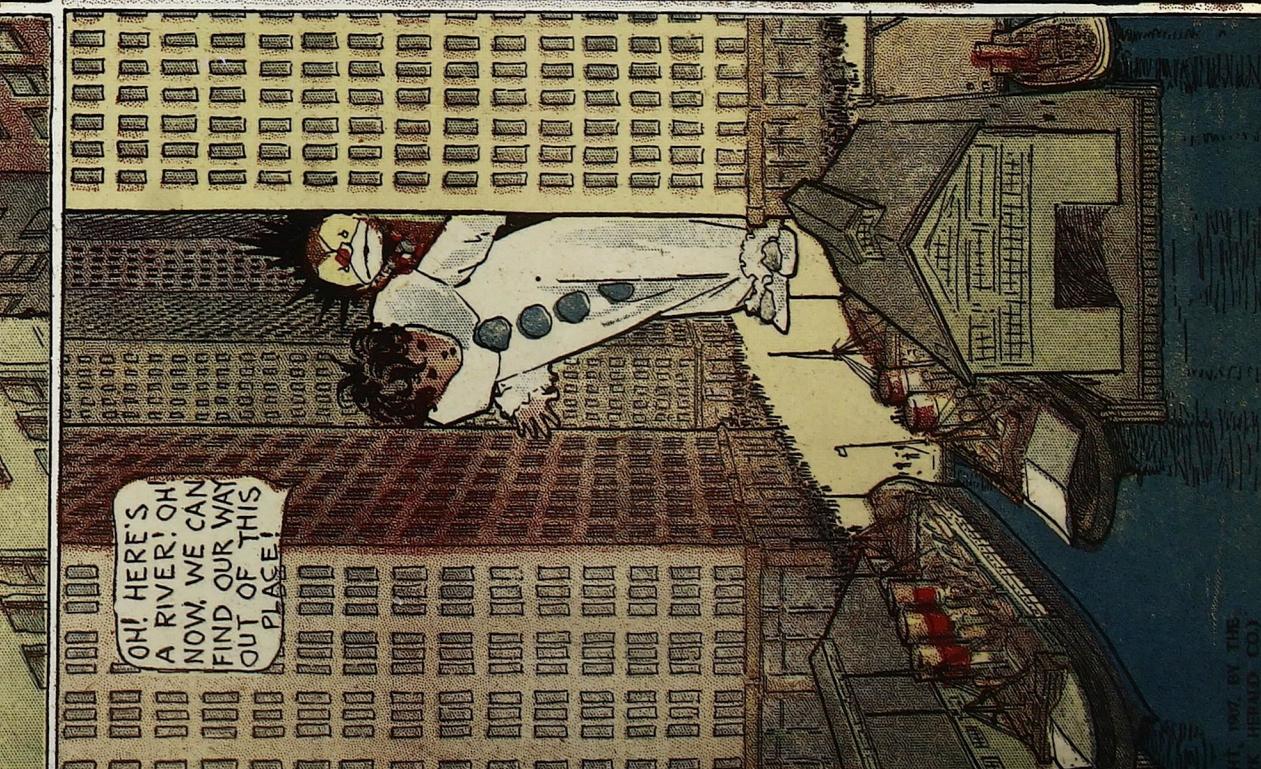
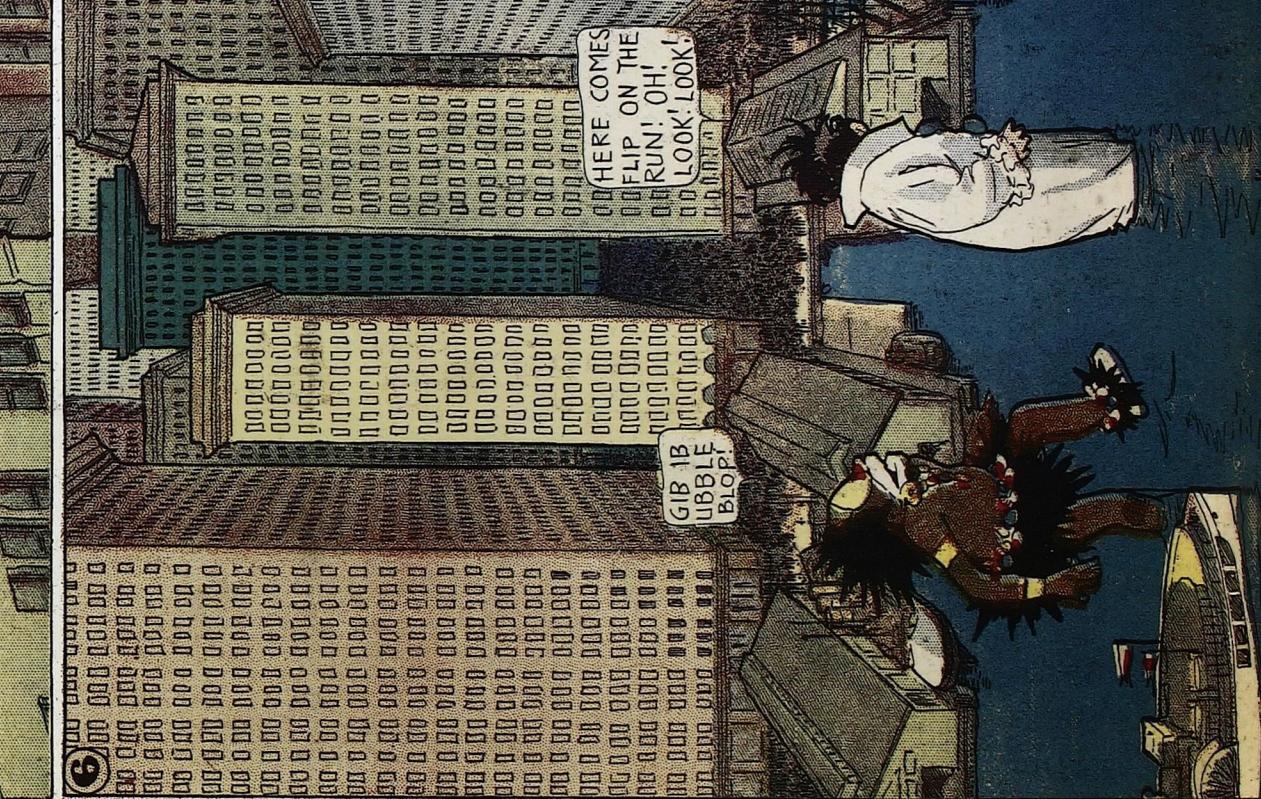
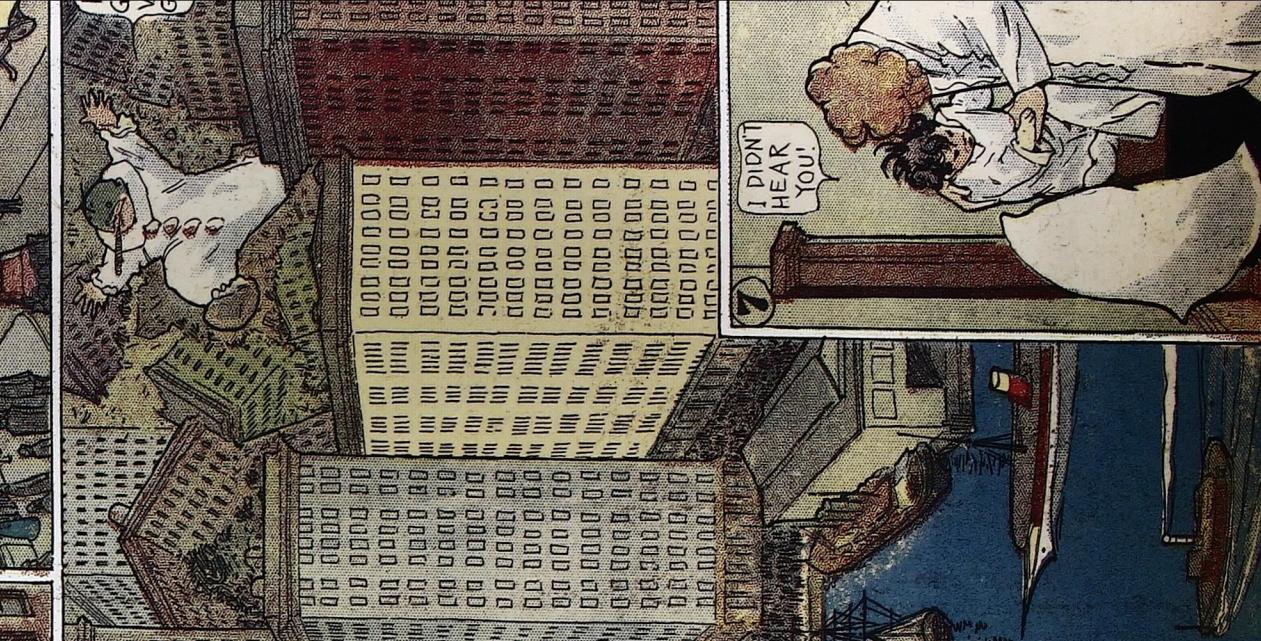
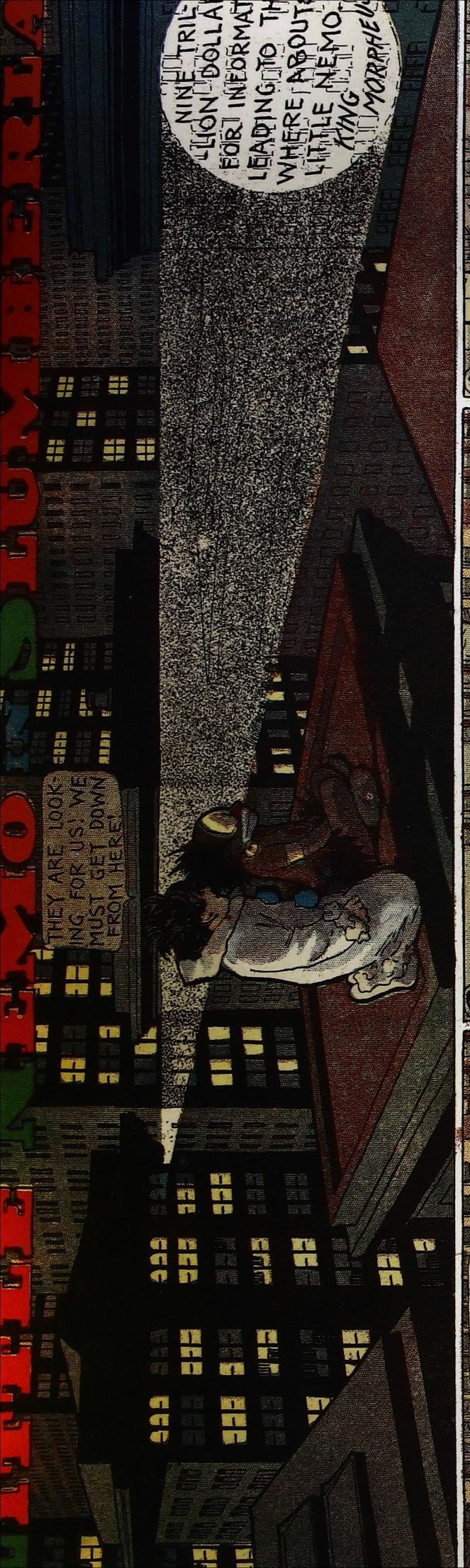
Comic Section
of the
New York
American.
August 27, 1911.



Is This Abdullah, the Arab Chief?

No. Gwendolin, It's Our Old Friend Happy Hooligan!





BEGIN EACH DAY WITH
'BRINGING UP FA
APPEARS EVERY
IN THE NEW YORK AM

Sonnenlicht 1921 bei International Executive Committee

Bringing Up Father

